

# The Middletown Transcript.

VOL. XVI.

MIDDLETOWN, DELAWARE, FRIDAY AFTERNOON, JANUARY 19, 1883.

NO. 3.

## Miscellaneous Adver's.

## PLAIN TRUTHS

The blood is the foundation of life, it circulates through every part of the body, and unless it is pure and rich, good health is impossible. If disease has entered the system the only sure and quick way to drive it out is to purify and enrich the blood.

These simple facts are well known, and the highest medical authorities agree that nothing but iron will restore the blood to its natural condition; and also that the iron preparations hitherto made blacken the teeth, cause headache, and are otherwise injurious. Brown's Iron Bitters will thoroughly and quickly assimilate with the blood, purifying and strengthening it, and thus drive disease from any part of the system, and it will not blacken the teeth, cause headache or constipation, and is positively not injurious.

### Saved his Child.

17 N. E. St., Baltimore, Md. Feb. 12, 1880. Gentl—Upon the recommendation of a friend I tried Brown's Iron Bitters as a tonic and restorative for my daughter, whom I was thoroughly convinced was wasting away with Consumption. Having lost three children by the terrible disease, under the care of eminent physicians, I was loath to believe that anything could arrest the progress of the disease, but to my great surprise, before my daughter had taken one bottle of Brown's Iron Bitters, she began to mend and now is quite restored to former health. A fifth daughter began to show signs of Consumption, and when the physician was consulted he quickly said "Tonics were required," and when informed that the elder sister was taking Brown's Iron Bitters, replied, "that is a good tonic, take it."

Brown's Iron Bitters effectually cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Weakness, and renders the greatest relief and benefit to persons suffering from such wasting diseases as Consumption, Kidney Complaints, etc.

## AFTER THE HOLIDAYS!

SINCE OUR FIRE, —ON THE— NIGHT OF DECEMBER 12th, '82, WE HAVE MARKED OUR GOODS

## At Greatly Reduced PRICES.

We offer some rare bargains in UNDERWEAR, HOSIERY, GLOVES, RIBBONS, COLLARS, TIES, PICTURES, LACES, HAMBURG EDCING, LACE COLLARS, LACE CURTAINS, SPLASHERS, PILLOW SHAMS, TIDIES, CORSETS, BUTTONS, JEWELRY, And all kinds of FANCY GOODS.

Must be sold before Moving time. Call early to secure bargains.

BENJ. BENSON.

## DON'T FAIL

To call at the Clothing Store of P. LESS, in the Cochran block, opposite W. H. Moore & Co's, and secure a bargain in an

## Overcoat or Suit

For Yourself and your Boy's. We have decidedly the best stock of Clothing ever brought to this town and it is being sold at a very small profit.

### Gents' Furnishing Goods.

A splendid assortment of medicated Red Flannel and Red Knit Shirts and Drawers. White Merino Shirts and Drawers. Bleached and unbleached Cotton Flannel Shirts and Drawers. Blue Flannel, Red Flannel, Gray Cloth and Cotton Bicycle and Double-breasted Overalls.

The celebrated Pearl Shirt, laundried and unlaundried. Percal and Calico Shirts.

### Boots and Shoes.

We have added to our stock a line of Men's Boots and Shoes, which we are offering at a smaller profit than is usually obtained.

### Rubber Goods.

Men's Gum Boots, Siberian Gaiters, Buckle Arctics, Imitation Sandals, Plaid Back Reversible Gossamer, and Heavy Dull Finish Gum Coats, Leggins, &c. A full line of Stiff and Soft HATS. Fur, Plush and Cloth Caps for Men and Boys.

Buckskin, Dogskin, Kid and Yarn Gloves. Yours truly, PHILIP LESS.

Miss ADDIE HAZZARD! TEACHER OF Instrumental Music, Is now ready to receive Pupils and give them careful instruction. —TERMS, 10 PER QUARTER. Rooms at residence of Mrs. Morton on Green street. sept-17

### THE FALLOW FIELD.

The sun comes up and the sun goes down; The night is hushed and the morning dawns; But if it be dark or if it be day, If the tempests beat or the breezes play, Still here on this upland slope I lie, Looking up to the changeful sky.

Naught am I but a fallow field; Never a crop my acres yield; Over the wall at my right hand Stately and green the corn blades stand, And I hear at my left the flying feet Of the winds that rustle the bending wheat.

Often while yet the morn is red I sit for our master's eager tread, He smiles at the young corn's towering height, He glances not at the fallow field Whose idle acres no wealth may yield.

Sometimes the shout of the harvesters The sleeping pulse of my being stirs, And as one in a dream I seem to feel The sweep and the rush of the swinging steel, Or catch the sound of the reaper's refrain, As they reap their wains with the golden grain.

Yet my neighbors, be not too proud, Though on every tongue your praise is loud, Our mother Nature is kind to me, And as one in a dream I seem to feel The sweep and the rush of the swinging steel, Or catch the sound of the reaper's refrain, As they reap their wains with the golden grain.

Over my head the skies are blue; I have my share of the rain and dew; I look like you in the summer sun When the long bright days pass one by one, And calm as yours is my sweet repose Wrapped in the warmth of the winter snows.

For little our loving mother cares Which the corn or the daisy bears, Which is rich with the ripening wheat, Which with the violet's breath is sweet, Which is red with the clover bloom, Or which for the wild the daisy makes room.

Useless under the summer sky Year after year men say I lie, Little they know what strength of mine I give to the trailing blackberry vine; Little they know how the wild grape grows, Or how my life-blood flushes the rose.

Little they think of the cups I fill For the mosses creeping under the hill; Little they think of the first I pour For the wild bee creatures that must be fed; Scuttled and butterfly, bird and bee, And the creeping things that no eye may see.

Lord of the harvest, Thou dost know How the summers and winters go, Never a ship sails past us here Laden with treasures at my behest, Yet my being that is a brave voice of God When I give my gold to the golden rod.

—JULIA C. B. DORR, in Harper's Magazine for February.

### CARL SIGMUND'S WIFE.

The clouds were massed in crimson glory in the west, and on them were fixed the large, beautiful eyes of the young Countess Hester, who stood looking from one of the many windows of her new home. It was the eve of her wedding day. Scarce eight hours previously she had sworn to love, honor and obey Carl Sigmund until death did them part. He it was who occupied her thoughts and shut out the splendid landscape, gilded with the glory of the dying day. Natural enough for the husband to fill heart and mind alike of the bride, yet a frown contracts the white, brow, an ominous glitter shines in the wonderful gray eyes, and a scornful smile plays about the exquisitely curved lips, while the little hand, grasping the curtain, is tightly clenched. A sound breaks upon her reverie. She quickly turns, as the door of the room is softly opened, and the figure of a tall, powerful man darkens the threshold.

"You find all to your liking, Florence?" he asks, and voice and eyes alike are tender as he asks the question.

"A moment ago—yes," she replies. "I was then alone."

A shade darkened his face. "Alone, Florence? Is my presence really so distasteful to you?"

She shrugged her shoulders and turned her face toward the open window. "With one stride he had reached her side, and laid his hand on her arm."

"Answer me!" he said; and his tone now was a command. "To-day you swore to make my happiness. I knew our marriage was one of convenience; I knew that the Countess Hester would not have stooped to the plebeian hand of the rich manufacturer's son, had it not been that the fortunes of her house had sadly fallen, I knew she was no hypocrite, to feign a love she did not feel. But I did not know she gave scorn for love, or hatred for courtesy. She was a woman, I a man. She bridged the social gulf between us when she became my wife, Florence, do you already repent the step?"

"Bitterly! madly!" she replied, raising her eyes to his and letting him see the scorn and anger in her depths. "You say I was no hypocrite. I was; but I will be no longer. You need not talk alone of my ambition. What of yours? You had money—not rank, not social position. These latter I give you in exchange for your wealth. The bargain is an even one—let us cry quits; but let us have no talk of love, or heart, or sentiment. Let us bury these in a marital grave, and on it rear a monument of distant courtesy. Do not make me hate you by forcing upon me the rights you have assumed. Leave me my solitude, unless when the world demands it otherwise. I will not intrude upon yours."

The young man's face was of an almost ghastly pallor as she finished speaking. His hand dropped from her arm.

"Though I may boast no title, Countess," he said, very slowly, "I claim nobility's truest rank—the rank of gentleman, to whom the wishes of the woman he has made his wife are law. You have not spared me in expressing yours. Allow me to offer you my deepest sympathy for the cruel fate which tempted you to make the sacrifice on which the church this morning set its seal, and which I for the first time appreciate. Happily, madame, the home to which I have brought you is not a cottage. When you wish for me, command me. Otherwise I beg that you will consider your apartments your castle, at whose gates Carl Sigmund will never knock, either as supplicant or intruder."

He bowed low as he ceased speaking, and slowly recrossed the room. On its threshold he paused. Did he expect her to call him back, or at least to soften her cruel words? If so, he was wrong. His hesitation was scarcely perceptible. The door closed behind

him—the young and beautiful woman was again alone. An expression of surprise, of almost admiration, swept over her face, then the old scorn blazoned there.

"At least, he understands me now," she murmured; "but, for a plebeian, he did it well."

Rank for money. It had been a fair exchange, the world decreed; and many a house, hitherto an unknown land to the young inheritor of his father's fortune and the great workshops which covered acres of space in the very heart of the great city, now welcomed him to its fetes and its tables. Fair women smiled upon him and men who once would have turned their backs, listened to his opinions with attention which grew into respect.

If the young countess had expected to be ashamed of her husband, the expectation was destined to disappointment. On every side she heard the praise, and the frown vanished from her brow and the scorn from her lip. Never did he fail in courtesy toward her; never did he express a wish left unfulfilled. A check-book, with blank checks signed by his signature, to be filled up as she wished, lay upon her toilet-table. Hitherto her life had been one of almost penury, spite of her exalted rank. A marriage of convenience had been the sole resort left her, and she had unhesitatingly availed herself of it. Her beauty, unrivaled even with its old shabby setting, was now enhanced by exquisite toilets and priceless jewels. She had all that her fond dreams had pictured, yet day by day a restless, unsatisfied longing was gnawing at her heart, and she looked about in vain for the unknown something which should satisfy it. Once, as she and her husband were driving home together from some brilliant fete, remembering some remarks concerning him which had reached her ear, she glanced toward him.

"A wonderfully handsome man," a woman in high rank had said, and his wife was compelled to confirm the verdict.

Wonderfully handsome, indeed, but how white he looked, and a wan, weary expression was in his eyes and about his mouth.

"Carl, are you not well?" she said, and laid her gloved hand on his arm.

He shivered at her touch, and drew himself hastily away. At that moment the carriage stopped, and the footman threw open the door. For the first time he permitted the man to assist his wife to alight, he following her up the stairs and disappearing in his rooms. She mounted the steps slowly, and when within her own apartments she stood still.

"He has learned to hate me," she said to herself—"to hate me, and I!"—The rest of the sentence was left unfinished.

There was great excitement in the town. The men belonging to Carl Sigmund's factories had struck for higher wages, and he had refused their demands. It was a principle of right with him. He was both just and generous in the prices paid them, and he determined not to be coerced into a step his judgment told him was but the first toward proving his workmen, not his mistress, might hold the mastery.

The immense buildings were closed; the heavy looms were still; the drinking places throughout the city were constantly filled with sullen men, who had already lost what the advance would gain them in a year. Days merged into weeks, and sullenness found voice, and voice merged into threats, and the threats directed themselves against one man, the master of the works.

"It's all very well for him to ride in his carriage while we starve," they said. "Let him look to himself. Hungry men are desperate."

At last these threats reached his ear. For the first time since that memorable day, almost a year before, he presented himself at his wife's apartments. As a voice, in answer to his knock, bade him enter, he opened the door. By a strange coincidence, she was standing in the same spot, but a deep crimson flush mounted to her forehead and betrayed her surprise at this most unexpected visit. She stepped forward to meet him, but paused. He was the calm, possessed one of the two.

"I would apologize for my intrusion," he said, "but that when I make known its object you will understand its necessity. I hear this morning that the men are banding themselves into rioters. My house will be the first point of attack. I deem it best that you should send your jewels and valuables to the bank, and seek some place of safety with any of your friends whom you may prefer."

"And you?"

"I shall remain here."

"But there is danger."

"True; but no man hitherto, I think, has suspected me of cowardice, and as my post is here, here I will remain. I shall take all measures for my safety, then meet whatever comes. In case of the worst—and doubtless it is this juncture my life is threatened—I have left all my affairs in shape, and need only assure you, madame, that my wife's future has been my first concern!"

"Thanks!" she murmured, and bent her head.

He could not see the tear that glistened on the lashes sweeping the lovely cheek.

"I have thought of the Countess Hauptmann," he continued. "She, I am sure, will be delighted to welcome you. Will you choose her house?"

"No."

"Whose, then?"

"I shall remain here."

"Madame, it is impossible." "And why? You say! A wife's place is beside her husband."

He smiled bitterly. "This is scarcely the time, madame, to remember your vows. Forget them, I pray you, in this as in all else. I must insist upon your choosing shelter."

She shook her head. "I cannot," she murmured in a voice so low that he could scarcely catch the words.

"You cannot? Is there some reason, then, I do not know?"

"Perhaps, but one I may not confess. Respect it, however, I beseech you, and let me remain."

"I could scarcely hope, madame, neither can I use force in compelling you to leave this house, but I must exercise a husband's rights in demanding your obedience. The danger is too obvious to permit you to share it."

"Be it so, then. Within an hour my apartments will be vacant."

"Shall I escort you to your friend's house?"

"No. I will go alone, Carl."

She hesitated a moment.

"You will promise me to run no unnecessary risk?"

"No man should trifle with his life. It is God's gift," he answered, and abruptly left her, standing with clasped hands and heaving bosom.

"What care he took to tell me why his life was precious," she murmured. "Yet, do I not deserve it? Yes, but not that it should be taken from me. Oh, God spare him! spare him!" and she fell, in bitter weeping, on her knees.

It was midnight when the mob attacked the house. There were loud cries for the master.

"Let him speak, and we will listen," they shouted.

Within his barricaded windows, Carl Sigmund heard and understood. He advanced toward one of the windows and began unfastening the barriers. The foreman of the works seized his arm.

"You are mad," he said. "I have dispatched a messenger for assistance. Show yourself, and your life will not be worth a moment's ransom. It is a pretense to make you show yourself."

The master! the master! came the cry.

"They are right," said Sigmund. "They respect—they used to care for me. I will talk to them. If they kill me, a man cannot die in better cause than in his duty. My duty lies in proving my cause right. Let me go."

But at this instant a dress rustled at the door. Carl turned. His wife, pale and beautiful, stood upon the threshold of the room. Ere his surprise could find words, she was kneeling at his feet, her arms clasped about him.

"My love! my husband!" she cried. "You shall not go! Despair, hate me, as you will. I deserve it. But, oh, do not cast away the life without which mine could not exist."

He looked at her as if in a dream, then motioned for the others to withdraw, before he lifted her from where she knelt.

"How came you here?" he questioned. "Poor child! the terror has turned your brain."

"No, Carl—no! I could not leave you. I said I would go, only that I might stay. I stayed because I love you—because I have loved you from the very day I became your wife, though I scorned and refused to acknowledge the passion which has mastered me. I know that I may never hope to win that which I might once have won; but let me know that you live—let me see you, hear your voice, and even though you hate me, yet I may glean some happiness."

"Hate you?" he whispered. "My love, my wife! You have indeed made my life a precious boon. But listen, they are calling me. I must go."

"Then I will go with you," she replied.

And as the fastenings fell at a touch of his hand, she stepped out on the balcony by his side. A long, low murmur ran through the crowd below. No weapon, no armor, could have protected Carl Sigmund as did the presence of that young, beautiful woman, who stood with hands clasped about his arms.

Silence fell as he spoke a few earnest words. Ere he had finished, the tramp was heard of approaching soldiers, but they were not needed. The strike was ended. Calm had taken the place of passion, and reason of anger. But far, far deeper than the external peace between master and men, was that which had stolen into Carl Sigmund's heart—the haughty head, which, like the restless dove sent from the ark, had found at last shelter and sweet rest.

AN OLD WOMAN in St. Louis saved \$100 out of the hard earnings of thirty years, and the other night lost the money in the street. The newspapers described her piteous grief, for she was completely prostrated by the loss, and when she read one of these accounts she felt still worse, for she said she did not want the whole world to know her trouble. But when a boy came in with the money, and explained that he had found out its owner from the papers, she thought better of journalism.

THOMAS W. PIERCE, of Texas, who made his millions from railway operations, has given a \$25,000 church to the town of Dover N. H. The church, which is known as the Pierce Memorial Church, serves as a monument to his parents, once residents of Dover.

### DRAWING THE CROSS-BOW.

The cross-bow was undoubtedly the most deadly of all the missile weapons before the perfecting of firearms. The Spaniards brought it to the greatest degree of efficiency, but the French and English also made very fine cross-bows.

The stocks of some cross-bows are straight, others are crooked, somewhat after the shape of the stock of a gun. A great many of these weapons had wooden bows which were made of yew-wood, but more had steel lathes.

The arrows of the cross-bow were called quarrels, or bolts. They were shorter, thicker and heavier than the arrows of the English long-bow. The place in the cross-bow where the string is fastened when it is pulled back, ready to shoot, is called the nut. From the nut to the fore end of the stock the wood is hollowed out, so that, when a quarrel is placed in position for firing, it does not touch the stock, except at the tip of its notch and the point where it lies on the fore end. The trigger works easily on a pivot, causing the nut to free the string, whereupon the bow discharges the quarrel.

The history of the cross-bow is very interesting. You will find that Richard the Lion-hearted was a great cross-bowman. He used to carry a very strong arbalest (the old name for cross-bow) with him wherever he went. Even on his long expedition to Palestine against the Saracens, his favorite weapon was his constant companion.

At the siege of Ascalon, he is said to have aimed his quarrels so skillfully that many an armed warrior on the high walls was pierced through and through.

The steel bolts fired from the strongest cross-bows would crash through any but the very finest armor. There are breast plates and helmets of steel, preserved among British antiquities, which have been pierced by quarrels. I have read in old books, written in French and Spanish, all about how these terrible weapons were made and used.

Richard was killed by a quarrel from a French cross-bow.

A plowman in the province of Compiegne unearthed a gold statuette of Minerva, a most valuable thing. This he divided, sending one-half to Richard, and keeping the other half himself.

You know, in those days a king wanted everything. Richard's lion heart could not brook to divide a treasure with one of his vassals. So he peremptorily demanded the other half of the treasure, which being refused, he called together a small army and went to lay siege to the strong castle of Chalus, in Normandy, wherein the treasure was said to be hidden. But it was a dear expedition for the bold king. A famous cross-bowman by the name of Bertrand de Jourdan, standing on the tall turret of the castle, saw Richard riding around in the plain below and took steady aim at him. This Bertrand de Jourdan had cause to hate the king, for Richard had killed his two brothers with his own hand. So when he pressed the trigger of his powerful cross-bow he sent a hiss of revenge along with the steel-headed quarrel. Richard heard the keen twang of the bow-string and bent low over the bow of his saddle, but the arrow struck him in the shoulder and he died of the wound. So you see, he would have done better to leave that gold alone. However, his men stormed the castle and brought Bertrand de Jourdan before him while he lay dying. Richard was too noble to mistreat a prisoner, so he gave the cross-bowman a magnificent present and ordered him to be set at liberty. But one Marcade, an infamous brute, who was next in command to Richard, as soon as the king was dead ordered Bertrand de Jourdan to be flayed alive and hung up for the vultures to eat.

In the year 1100, William II., surnamed Rufus, a famous king of England, and a son of the conqueror, was killed by a cross-bow bolt in the forest at Charmingham, accidentally, it is said, by Sir Walter Tyrrel, his bow-bearer.

A nephew of King Rufus had been killed in May of the same year by a like mishap. But the deeds done with the cross-bow are not all so bloody and terrible. From a very early date in the history of France companies of cross-bowmen have existed, among which those at Lisle, Roulaix, Lennoy, Comines, Le Guesnoy, and Valenciennes may be mentioned as prominent. That at Roulaix was instituted by Pierre de Roulaix, in 1491, a year before America was discovered by Columbus. The members of these societies shot at targets and marks of various kinds, and their meetings were often the occasion for great pomp and splendor. Many of these companies have been suppressed by law in comparatively recent times.

In England, I have read, as far back as the reign of William Rufus, laws were passed forbidding the use of the arbalest, except by persons having especial royal permit. This was because the cross-bow, particularly the kind with a windlass attachment to draw the string, was so destructive to the king's deer. You will at once see the great advantage the arbalest gave to huntsmen who used it instead of the long-bow; for he could shoot from any tangled thicket where a long-bowman could not use his weapon at all. Then, too, it required years of patient practice before a man could shoot well enough with a long-bow to hit a deer, while any one, with but a day or two's experience, could successfully aim a cross-bow.

Once De Soto and his men were pursuing some flying savages, when one suddenly turned his face toward the Spaniards and halted. He was armed with a long-bow and arrows, and was just across a narrow river from his foes. He made signs that he challenged any

one of the Spanish cross-bowmen to fight a duel with him. The challenge was accepted by one Juan de Salinas, a most expert arbalest, who stepped forth and faced the Indian. The comrades of Salinas offered to cover him with their shields, but the brave soldier scorned to take advantage of a naked savage. So he refused the cover, and placing a quarrel on the nut of his drawn bow made ready to shoot. The Indian also was ready by this time, and both discharged their arrows at the same moment. But Salinas was cooler under such stress of danger than the Indian was, and so took truer aim. His quarrel pierced the savage warrior's heart, and he fell dead. The bows of the savages were puny things when matched against the steel arbalests of the trained Spanish soldiers. The Indian's slender red arrow passed through the nape of Juan de Salinas' neck, but without seriously hurting him. A quilted shirt of doubled silk was sufficient protection against most of the Indian missiles, and a man in steel armor was proof against all.

I have seen a picture of Queen Elizabeth of England, representing her in the act of shooting at a deer with an arbalest.

But she had a strong man for her bow-bearer, and all she had to do was to take aim and pull the trigger after the bow-bearer had made the arbalest all ready for shooting.

The manner of hunting deer in those days was to stand in a spot whence you could see in all directions through the forest, while a number of expert woodsmen drove the game near to you as you held your arbalest ready to shoot. If you shot at a running deer you would have to aim far ahead of it in order to hit it.

Hare or rabbit shooting was great sport for the cross-bowmen. For this purpose lighter arbalests were used. The hunter kept carefully trained dogs, somewhat like our pointers and setters, whose business it was to find the game. Twenty-five yards was about the usual distance for shooting at rabbits. They were rarely shot while running.—From "The Story of the Arbalest," by Maurice Thompson, in St. Nicholas for September.

### KANSAS COMICALITIES.

People living in drouthy Kansas cannot be too careful in selecting presents for each other, if they desire to keep on living in that State. A young man residing at Abilene, sent a young lady of his acquaintance a jumping-jack, on Christmas day, with very unfortunate results. She expected to be surprised by something that was better suited to her taste. Her brothers, several in number, regarded the present in the light of an insult. They did not ask the donor to explain what, if any, symbolic meaning was attached to the present, but proceeded to a power-meeting, where the doomed man was possibly preparing himself for a land that is even fairer than Kansas, and opened fire on him with their pistols, notwithstanding there is a law in Kansas which makes it a very serious offense to disturb a religious assembly while at worship. The young man who had presented the jumping-jack, like the offended young lady, herself, was slightly wounded. We forgot to mention that on being interrupted at his devotions, the wounded young man got up from his knees, with a pistol in each of his uplifted hands, and before the benediction was pronounced, he killed and wounded four of the five brothers of the young lady. No doubt the young man was restrained to some extent by the fact that he was at a prayer-meeting to disturb which is regarded as a really serious offense in Kansas. This little incident shows that the Kansas young ladies have feelings, and that those feelings can be trampled under foot by sending them jumping-jacks; that it is not safe to disturb a Kansas man when he is saying his prayers with two revolvers on his person.—Texas Siftings.

### A WEDDING INTERRUPTED.

Ballard Smith tells a story of a North Carolina wedding. It runs this way: It was in the Carolina backwoods, a country couple and a country parson. Though a Baptist, the minister wore an old surplice. When he had finished the ceremony he said:

"An' them'uns who God hath joined!"

"Stop thar, parson," said the groom; "don't say them'uns, say these'uns!"

"John," said the parson, "I teach you at school, and I say them'uns."

"These'uns," shouted the groom, drawing his pistol.

The parson seeing the movement fired through his surplice and the groom dropped dead—wining the parson as he went down. There was a lively fusillade of perhaps thirty shots. When the smoke cleared away a half dozen men were on the floor. The bride, peeping over the pulpit to which she had fled for refuge, gazed mournfully on the scene and said:

"Them a self-cookin' pistols is a playin' hell with our prospect's!"

Of course the story is an impossible one, and yet said Mr. Smith: "That is the staple story of the South that is circulated and believed throughout the North. While such a thing could hardly have happened in North Carolina any more than New York, the average Northern man smiles incredulously when you tell him that this performance is improbable at a Carolina wedding."

MR. HENRY, the owner of the famous Henry House, hard by Bull Run bridge on the battle-field, has collected a set of accurate maps of the battle-ground for the instruction of visitors.

### WHITTIER'S "COUNTESS."

Rocks Village, where lived Aunt Mose, "The muttering witch-wife of the gospel's tale," is a charming little nook on the Merimac river, away from the busy lines of traffic—

"A place for idle eyes and ears, A solvewed nook of dreams; Left by the stream whose waves are years The stranded village seems."

And it is here that Whittier also found, amid

"Old customs, habits, superstitions, fears, All that lies buried under fifty years," the incidents for his sweet poem of "The Countess." "The Countess" was a young girl of scarcely twenty years when the Count Francis Vipart came to Rocks Village with a friend, both exiles from the island of Guadeloupe. He saw Mary Ingalls, a beautiful, golden-haired, blue-eyed girl, the belle of the little village; and her beauty, together with a gentle and sweet disposition, attracted him at once. He walked with her along "the straggling road" which comes down "over the wooded northern ridge," to her church, standing near the burial-ground on the land "that slopes against the west." The church is now removed; but later in the afternoon of the day on which we visited the place we met an old gentleman of eighty who remembered the church, and the time when only two slept in the grave-yard, which is now full. He also informed us that the worshippers were called together by the sound of a horn.

"The Countess" was the daughter of a laboring man, and an L of the house where she was born is still standing, said to contain the room where the event took place, and which has since been shown to me by the present occupants of the place.

It is a quaint low-studded room, lighted with large many-paned windows. The L once formed a main portion of the original house, but has since been removed to the rear, and a more modern structure built in front. In the best front room stands the first stove used in Haverrill—an heirloom from the old doctor, Elias Weld.

"Whose ancient smoky down the village lanes Dragged like a war-car, captive flesh and pain."

It is an open fire-place stove, with a huge hollow iron vase on top serving the purpose of a heater. The kitchen of the homestead still remains in its original condition, an antique wainscoted room, very suggestive of comfort for long winter evenings. And it was here in these ancient rooms that the little love romance of Rocks Village was lived out.

"Her simple duties life he saw By homeliest duties tried, In all things by his husband's law Of fitness justified."

"For his rank aside he laid; He took the hue and tone Of lowly life and toil, and











CHIPS.

An inch advertisement in a paper is worth two on a tree.—*Whitehall Times*.  
 "What kind of slippers do the angels wear?" About three sizes smaller than their feet, or else the shoemakers lie.—*The Judge*.  
 Coconut shells ground in quantities and mixed with black pepper, indicate that the season will be mild.—*New Orleans Picayune*.  
 The one great fault of this life, is the readiness with which man accepts the circus bill for the show inside the canvas.—*Salem Steamboat*.  
 The Congressional committee on elections have just decided against admitting Frost before June comes around they'll be wishing for him to lower the temperature.—*Yonkers Gazette*.  
 A bald-headed man, who has heard that the hairs of a man's head are numbered, wants to know if there is not some place where he can obtain the back numbers.—*Cincinnati Saturday Night*.  
 The grasshopper has, according to its size, 120 times the kicking power of an ordinary man. It must be exciting times for the young grasshoppers which go courting and find the old man home.—*Boston Post*.  
 Professor A. Aldrich says that there is only one chance in a million that a man will get pure liquor when he asks for it. The professor has been unfortunate in the bars he has patronized.—*Full River Advance*.  
 A Kentucky millionaire recently died and bequeathed his entire fortune to the family lawyer. The family seem perfectly contented with the will, but the lawyer is a little provoked at having lost a good case.—*Yonkers Statesman*.  
 "My dearest Maria," wrote a recently married husband to his wife. She wrote back—"Dearest, let me correct either your grammar or morals. You address me 'My dearest Maria.' Am I to suppose you have other dear Marias?"—*Exchange*.  
 In a recent lecture Henry Ward Beecher said: "In this country smart men always have a chance." That is true enough, but after they have had it hundreds of times, the country and go to Canada and stay until the directors fix up the affairs with the stockholders.—*N. O. Picayune*.  
 "Carrie Swain," says a Richmond paper, "carried the audience away with her completely last night." This is one of Carrie's mistakes. She carried her New Orleans audience completely away on the first night, and no one brought it back in season to be at the theatre on the second night.—*New Orleans Picayune*.  
 "Why do women so often wander aimlessly in the murky solitudes of the dead past, brooding over days forever gone?" asks a correspondent, and we give it up, unless it be that she hopes by ransacking the dead past that in the wardrobe of the aforesaid dead past she may find something to work up into a rag carpet.—*Laraine Boomerang*.  
 "Look here," said the governor to a high State official, "when are you going to pay me that ten dollars?" "Upon my honor, governor, I don't know." "Why, sir, the other day when I mentioned the fact of your indebtedness, you asked me where I would be Tuesday." "Yes, sir." "Well, wasn't that a promise that you would pay me Tuesday?" "No, sir." "Why, then, did you want to know where I would be Tuesday?" "Because I wanted to know where you'd be, so I could make arrangements to be somewhere else."—*Arkansas Traveler*.  
 Burdette was advertised to deliver a funny lecture at St. Johnsburg, Vt., and as there was a revival in progress, a committee waited upon the humorist and asked him not to say anything funny as it might interfere with the revival, so Burdette relented and repeated one of Mark Twain's speeches, which didn't hurt the revival at all. If a revival can't stand a lecture from a genial Bob Burdette, whose humor is more beautiful religion than half the sermons, and who never uttered a sentence that was not full of charity and love, as well as humor, it is a poor sort of revival.—*Peck's Sun*.  
 WASHINGTON IRVING'S "CRAYON PAPERS."—This very Prince of the realm of letters is at last about to enter the homes of ordinary mortals. Until lately his inimitable productions have been practically inaccessible on account of their high cost. The recent expiration of copyright has freed them from the short-sighted monopoly which has preferred to harvest the dollars of the thousands rather than the dimes of the millions of his countrymen. The very beautiful Elzevir edition of his "Crayon Papers," with a brilliant sketch of the life of Irving by the poet, B. H. Stoddard, making a volume of over 350 pages, is just issued and the publisher, with a view to securing promptly the immense sale that is necessary to make the low price possible, offers to send, if ordered at once, a specimen copy, in neat cloth binding to any address, for the nominal price of 35 cents, or in half Russia binding for 45 cents. Irving's complete Works are offered for prices ranging from less than \$6.00 upwards. The cheapest edition until recently cost over \$30.00. The publisher will send specimen pages free to any one upon request. JOHN B. ALDEN, Publisher, 18 Vesey street, New York.

STANDS UNRIVALLED.—Coe's Cough Balsam has a reputation that has stood unshaken for the past fifty years. It stands unrivaled as a cure for Coughs, Colds and all pulmonary complaints. Every careful mother should keep a bottle of it in the house in case of emergency, as a cure for croup, for it often happens, that, in such cases, delays are exceedingly dangerous. As you value the lives of those most dear to you do not let another day go by without providing yourself with this splendid remedy. Only 30 cts. a bottle.

SKINNY MEN.—Wells' Health Renewer restores health and vigor, cures Dyspepsia, Impotency, Sexual Debility, &c.

YOUNG, old, and middle-aged men and women get health and strength by using Brown's Iron Bitters.

How Fire Sweeps a Wooden House.

The astonishing rapidity with which fire sweeps off a wooden building is well explained in an article on housebuilding by E. C. Gardner, in *Our Continent*: Let me show you how a wooden house is built. The sills and joists of the first floor are comparatively safe, because they are not boxed in with dry boards, and even with furnace and ash pits in the cellar, there would be little danger from a fire down below if it were not for the careful provision made for carrying it into the upper part of the structure. This provision, however, is most effectively made by means of the upright studs and furrings that stand all around the outside of the building and reach across it wherever a partition is needed. Accordingly every wooden house has from one hundred to one thousand wooden furrings of a highly inflammable character, arranged expressly to carry fire from the bottom to the top, valiantly consuming themselves in the operation. Furthermore, they are frequently charged with shavings and splinters of wood, which, becoming dry as tinder, will respond at once to a spark from a crack in the chimney, an overheated stove or furnace pipe, or a match in the hands of an inquisitive mouse. They are, likewise, so arranged that no water can be poured inside them till they fall apart or the house collapses, for they reach to the roof, whose sole duty it is to keep out water, whether it comes from the clouds or from a hose-pipe, but which, for economical reasons, is made sufficiently open to allow the air to pass through it freely, thus insuring a good draught when the fire begins to burn. To complete the system and prevent the possibility of finding where the fire began, the spaces between the joists of the upper floors communicate with the vertical furrings, and these highways and byways for rats and mice, for fire and smoke, for odors from the kitchen, noises from the nursery, and dust from the furnace and coal-bin, are also strewn with builders' rubbish, which carries flame like stubble on a harvest field.

Brick houses, as usually built, are not much better, but that is not the fault of the bricks—they are tougher than good intentions; they have been burned once and fire agrees with them. In fact, there is no building material so thoroughly reliable, through thick and thin, in prosperity and in adversity, as good, honest, well-burned bricks. But the ordinary brick house is double—a house within a house—a wooden frame in a brick shell. Like logs in a coal pit, the inner house is well protected from outside attacks, but the flames, once kindled within, will run about as freely as in a wooden building, and laugh at cold water, which, however abundantly it is poured out, can never reach the heart of the fire till its destructive work is accomplished. Thrown upon the outer walls, it runs down the plastering, washes off the paint, soaks the carpets, ruins the merchandise, and spoils everything that water can spoil, while the fire itself roars behind the wainscot, climbs to the rafters and rages among the old papers, cobwebs and heirlooms in the attic, till the roof falls in, the doors go down with a crash, and an upward shower of sparks, and all the tottering walls with their eyesless window sockets or the ragged, blackened chimneys remain.

But one thing is needful to retard the progress of hidden fire even in a wooden building, long enough at least for one to go up the hill and fetch a pail of water. This remedy consists simply in chinking the furrings and stopping the draught, which can easily be done by filling in with brick and mortar between all the studs of both outer walls and inner partitions at or near the level of each floor. A cut-off half way up is an additional safeguard. The horizontal passages between the floor joists should also be closed in a similar manner. These occasional dampers are a partial remedy, and if carefully fitted in the right places will save many tons of coal and greatly diminish the chances of total destruction in case of fire. The complete remedy is to leave no spaces that can possibly be filled. One of the best and most available materials known for filling spaces is "mineral wool," a product of iron slag. If the open spaces between the studs and rafters of a wooden building, or in a brick building between the furrings, are filled with this substance, houses might possibly be burned, but the inmates would have ample time to find their nightgowns, pack their trunks, take up the carpets, and count the spoons before vacating the premises.

A FABLE WITH A MORAL.—A wolf who had a dispute with a hyena determined to destroy him, and therefore, went to the lion for advice. "Set a trap for him," was the reply, "and when you have caught him eat him." The wolf went away and laid a snare beside the path often traversed by his enemy, but just as he was cackling with satisfaction he blundered into the trap himself and was held fast. In this emergency along came the lion, who called out, "By George! but what's all this?" "I'm fast in my own trap," humbly replied the wolf. "So I see. I came out here expecting to help you eat the hyena; but, as the case now stands, I shall help the hyena eat you." "But I set this trap by your advice," protested the wolf. "True, you did, and I advised your enemy to set one for you as well. Odds is the difference to me whether I eat wolf or hyena." Moral.—The lawyer gets his pay, no matter how the suit goes.—*Detroit Free Press*.

"BUCHUPAIDA."—Quick, complete cure, all annoying Kidney, Bladder and Urinary Diseases. \$1. Druggists.

PHALON'S NIGHT BLOOMING CRESS.—This celebrated perfume, which has been so popular for the past 30 years still maintains its well deserved popularity. All Phalon's perfumes, Elixir de Mayo, White Rose, Wood Violet, &c., and the Vienna for restoring hair to its original color, as also the Hair Invigorator are made with their original purity.

MYER'S EXTRACT OF ROCK ROSE.—Cures all diseases arising from impure blood. Never fails.

Middletown Advertisements.

**Wm. H. Moore & Co.**  
 Having completed our Annex, we propose to tell you something about how we are arranging our store. Heretofore the goods have been so arranged that when we were very busy there would be confusion, because of having so many kinds together.  
 Now, as you enter the store, you will find on the East side, extending the length of the first counter, Notions, Fancy Goods, Neckwear, Ribbons, Velvets, Velveteens and Plushes. At the next counter, on the same side, Dress Goods, Ladies' Cloths for Coats and Suitings, Silks, Satins, &c., and next to this (same side), is our Shoe Department, well stocked with Ladies', Misses' and Children's Shoes. On the west side front, you will find a large line of Cloths, Cassimeres, Kerseys, &c.; and next to this (same side), is a large stock of Domestic Goods, such as Prints, Muslins, Flannels, Cheviots, Gingham, Blankets, &c.; and next to this (same side) is Ladies', Misses', Children's, and Gents' Underwear; also, a full line of all kinds of Gents' Furnishing Goods.  
 Now, the first goods when you enter the Annex, East side, is Ladies', Misses', and Children's Coats and Dolmans, and next to these is Men's, Boys' and Children's Clothing, in such a variety of styles that every one who wants can get suited; and on the north end is our Hats, Caps, &c. We find the second floor the best place of all others for our Carpet Department, for several reasons: first, the room is large, which is very necessary so that we can match carpets on the floor, that customers can see how they look before purchasing; and second, the floor can always be kept clean and the carpets not become soiled by showing.  
 We have merely mentioned the different departments, without reference to quantity or quality, but will say that all departments are full of seasonable goods worthy of your inspection.  
**W. H. MOORE & CO.,**  
 Middletown, Del.

**Go to Rice's**

**OYSTERS**  
 And our Fresh Stock of  
 OYSTER CRACKERS, SOUP CRACKERS, TRICORN CRACKERS, RAISINS, CURRANTS, CITRUS, FIGS, ALMONDS, WALNUTS, PEANUTS,  
 Cream Nuts, Oranges, Lemons!  
 Apples, Grapes, Bananas, Prunes, Ginger Nuts, Snaps, Ginger Cakes, Nuts, Nuts, Honey Cakes,  
 AND ALL KINDS OF  
**Plain and Fine Confections!**  
 ICE CREAM! ICE CREAM!  
 CHRISTMAS OPENING  
 On or about DECEMBER 12th.  
 A Full Line of HOLIDAY GOODS.  
 nov14-15

**Are You Insured?**

**ALFRED G. COX,**  
 Fire Insurance Agent and Broker.  
 SOME OF THE COMPANIES I REPRESENT:  
 The Fire Association of Philadelphia, Assets \$4,404,646.  
 The American, of Philadelphia, Assets \$1,200,000.  
 North British and Mercantile, of Eng., Assets \$2,004,004.  
 Metropole, of France, Assets \$1,140,810.  
 Northern Assurance Company of Eng., Assets \$2,000,000.  
 The Delaware Fire Ins. Co. of Wm., Assets \$114,414.  
 I insure all kinds of property against loss or damage by fire.  
 During the month of December, 1882, I have insured property to the amount of \$200,000, and for the year 1882 over \$400,000.  
 Policies are placed for one, three or five years, or for a shorter period when desired.  
 ALFRED G. COX,  
 dec29-31 Middletown Insurance Agency.

**Final Notice to the Tax-Payers**

**St. Georges Hundred.**  
 Notice is hereby given that in pursuance of the requirements of the Act of Assembly in this behalf passed at Dover, Delaware, April 10th, 1882, the undersigned will attend at the following named places on the days named, between the hours of 10 A. M. and 3 P. M., for the purpose of receiving all Taxes due that are unpaid:  
 NATIONAL HOTEL, in Middletown, MON DAY, JANUARY 15, 1883.  
 MIDDLETOWN HOTEL, in Middletown, on TUESDAY, January 16th, 1883.  
 P. W. HYATT'S HOTEL, in Odessa, WED. TUESDAY, January 17th, 1883.  
 ALBERT BENDLER'S HOTEL, Port Penn, THURSDAY, January 18th, 1883.  
 W. J. KILGUSON'S OFFICE, Mount Pleasant, on SATURDAY, January 20th, 1883.  
 Persons liable to pay taxes are hereby notified that in case of default the Collector will proceed to collect such taxes by due process of law.  
 JAMES G. GEARY, Jan-25 Collector St. Georges Hundred.

**Willow Grove Mill.**

**Notice to the Public!**  
 The undersigned beg leave to inform the people of the County of Kent and the surrounding neighborhood that  
 THEY HAVE LEASED THE  
**WILLOW GROVE MILL**  
 And purpose to run it to the interest of their patrons.  
 Having long experience in the Sianton Mills, we promise to give you entire satisfaction.  
 ALL ORDERS SHALL HAVE PROMPT ATTENTION!  
 Mill Wagon will be in Town three times a week.  
**BROOKS & BOOTH.**  
 CASH PAID FOR GRAIN. Jan-31

Middletown Advertisements.

**Lumber and Hardware!**  
**G. E. HUKILL,**  
 At the old stand, opposite the Railroad Depot,  
 MIDDLETOWN, DELAWARE.  
 Dealer in all kinds of  
**Building Lumber,**  
 AND BUILDING, HOUSEHOLD AND AGRICULTURAL HARDWARE.  
 —ALSO—  
**General Building Material,**  
 Such as Bricks, Lime, Doors, Sash, Shutters, Blinds and Mouldings, a full assortment of which is always on hand. The two best makes of CUMBERLAND WOOD PUMPS in the market, viz.: "Blatchley's" celebrated Pump, and the equally celebrated "Goshen" Pump.  
 LUCAS' READY MIXED PAINTS, IMPERIAL TINTED LEAD.  
 (warranted pure lead) all colors, mixed ready for use, and RUBBER MIXED PAINT, all colors. These are the best mixed paints in the market.  
 Keep constantly on hand a full stock of Lead, Oils, Colors, Varnishes, Glass and Putty.  
 ROOFING SLATES kept in stock, and slate roofs put on at short notice by practical workmen upon guarantee.  
 Agent for Jones Barbed Fence Wire. Jan-14-15

**G. W. W. Naudain,**

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL  
**DEALER IN**  
**GENERAL**  
**MERCHANDISE.**  
 Middletown, Delaware.  
 All goods sold at right prices, and satisfaction guaranteed.

**G. W. W. Naudain,**

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL  
**DEALER IN**  
**GENERAL**  
**MERCHANDISE.**  
 Middletown, Delaware.  
 All goods sold at right prices, and satisfaction guaranteed.

**G. W. W. Naudain,**

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL  
**DEALER IN**  
**GENERAL**  
**MERCHANDISE.**  
 Middletown, Delaware.  
 All goods sold at right prices, and satisfaction guaranteed.

**G. W. W. Naudain,**

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL  
**DEALER IN**  
**GENERAL**  
**MERCHANDISE.**  
 Middletown, Delaware.  
 All goods sold at right prices, and satisfaction guaranteed.

**G. W. W. Naudain,**

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL  
**DEALER IN**  
**GENERAL**  
**MERCHANDISE.**  
 Middletown, Delaware.  
 All goods sold at right prices, and satisfaction guaranteed.

**G. W. W. Naudain,**

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL  
**DEALER IN**  
**GENERAL**  
**MERCHANDISE.**  
 Middletown, Delaware.  
 All goods sold at right prices, and satisfaction guaranteed.

**G. W. W. Naudain,**

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL  
**DEALER IN**  
**GENERAL**  
**MERCHANDISE.**  
 Middletown, Delaware.  
 All goods sold at right prices, and satisfaction guaranteed.

**G. W. W. Naudain,**

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL  
**DEALER IN**  
**GENERAL**  
**MERCHANDISE.**  
 Middletown, Delaware.  
 All goods sold at right prices, and satisfaction guaranteed.

**G. W. W. Naudain,**

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL  
**DEALER IN**  
**GENERAL**  
**MERCHANDISE.**  
 Middletown, Delaware.  
 All goods sold at right prices, and satisfaction guaranteed.

**G. W. W. Naudain,**

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL  
**DEALER IN**  
**GENERAL**  
**MERCHANDISE.**  
 Middletown, Delaware.  
 All goods sold at right prices, and satisfaction guaranteed.

**G. W. W. Naudain,**

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL  
**DEALER IN**  
**GENERAL**  
**MERCHANDISE.**  
 Middletown, Delaware.  
 All goods sold at right prices, and satisfaction guaranteed.

**G. W. W. Naudain,**

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL  
**DEALER IN**  
**GENERAL**  
**MERCHANDISE.**  
 Middletown, Delaware.  
 All goods sold at right prices, and satisfaction guaranteed.

**G. W. W. Naudain,**

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL  
**DEALER IN**  
**GENERAL**  
**MERCHANDISE.**  
 Middletown, Delaware.  
 All goods sold at right prices, and satisfaction guaranteed.

**G. W. W. Naudain,**

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL  
**DEALER IN**  
**GENERAL**  
**MERCHANDISE.**  
 Middletown, Delaware.  
 All goods sold at right prices, and satisfaction guaranteed.

**G. W. W. Naudain,**

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL  
**DEALER IN**  
**GENERAL**  
**MERCHANDISE.**  
 Middletown, Delaware.  
 All goods sold at right prices, and satisfaction guaranteed.

**G. W. W. Naudain,**

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL  
**DEALER IN**  
**GENERAL**  
**MERCHANDISE.**  
 Middletown, Delaware.  
 All goods sold at right prices, and satisfaction guaranteed.

**G. W. W. Naudain,**

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL  
**DEALER IN**  
**GENERAL**  
**MERCHANDISE.**  
 Middletown, Delaware.  
 All goods sold at right prices, and satisfaction guaranteed.

**G. W. W. Naudain,**

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL  
**DEALER IN**  
**GENERAL**  
**MERCHANDISE.**  
 Middletown, Delaware.  
 All goods sold at right prices, and satisfaction guaranteed.

**G. W. W. Naudain,**

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL  
**DEALER IN**  
**GENERAL**  
**MERCHANDISE.**  
 Middletown, Delaware.  
 All goods sold at right prices, and satisfaction guaranteed.

**G. W. W. Naudain,**

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL  
**DEALER IN**  
**GENERAL**  
**MERCHANDISE.**  
 Middletown, Delaware.  
 All goods sold at right prices, and satisfaction guaranteed.

**G. W. W. Naudain,**

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL  
**DEALER IN**  
**GENERAL**  
**MERCHANDISE.**  
 Middletown, Delaware.  
 All goods sold at right prices, and satisfaction guaranteed.

**G. W. W. Naudain,**

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL  
**DEALER IN**  
**GENERAL**  
**MERCHANDISE.**  
 Middletown, Delaware.  
 All goods sold at right prices, and satisfaction guaranteed.

**G. W. W. Naudain,**

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL  
**DEALER IN**  
**GENERAL**  
**MERCHANDISE.**  
 Middletown, Delaware.  
 All goods sold at right prices, and satisfaction guaranteed.

**G. W. W. Naudain,**

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL  
**DEALER IN**  
**GENERAL**  
**MERCHANDISE.**  
 Middletown, Delaware.  
 All goods sold at right prices, and satisfaction guaranteed.

Middletown Advertisements.

**FARMERS!**  
**TAKE NOTICE.**  
 Old Joe is on Hand!  
 Walton, Whann & Co's.  
 CELEBRATED BRAND OF  
**Phosphate.**  
 DIAMOND SOLUBLE BONE  
 A SPECIALTY.  
 Rambo's, McCoy's, Shoemaker's and Robinson's, Lancaster county and Avondale Lime.  
**COAL! COAL!!**  
 The celebrated Kohinor and Draper Anthracite, Sterling, George's Creek and Clearford Bituminous Coals.  
 A Large Supply of Coal  
 Just Received, and more coming. Will be pleased to fill orders at the lowest rates.  
 Clover and Timothy Seed and Land Plaster.  
 Peach Ladders and Peach Baskets.  
 JOSEPH HANSON.  
 Office—Railroad Avenue,  
 MIDDLETOWN, DEL.  
 P. O. Box 17. June23-15

**M. L. HARCADISTLE,**

TOWN HALL STORE,  
 MIDDLETOWN, DELAWARE.  
 Having just returned from Northern markets with a new and full Line of  
**Fall & Winter Goods**  
 I invite your inspection of the same, feeling confident that I can please you both in Styles and Prices.  
**IN DRESS GOODS,**  
 We have everything that is new, and fresh, and tasteful.  
**IN NOTIONS,**  
 All the Novelties of the Season.  
 Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods,  
 THE NEWEST AND SOBEREST STYLES.  
 Cloths, Cassimeres, Suitings,  
 FOR FALL & WINTER WEAR.  
 CARPETS—A Full New Stock at City Prices.  
**LAMPS.**  
 A beautiful line, embracing many Novelties. All very low in price.  
 Our Grocery Department  
 Will always be found to contain a choice stock of fresh goods, and it is well established fact that we sell groceries as low as any house on the Peninsula.

**Boots and Shoes.**

**Fall and Winter Arrivals!**  
 I will open at No. 1 TOWN HALL, today, a splendid line of  
 MEN'S, WOMEN'S, MISSES' AND CHILDREN'S  
**Fine Medium Grades**  
**BOOTS AND SHOES.**  
 BELOW I WILL QUOTE YOU A FEW PRICES:  
 Men's Fine Boots, city-made, \$2.00, \$2.50 \$4.00 and \$5.00.  
 Men's Coarse Boots, \$1.75 to \$4.00.  
 Women's Fine Button Boots, city-made, \$2.50, \$3.00, \$3.50 and \$4.00.  
 Misses' Fine Button Boots, city-made, \$1.75, \$2.00, \$2.25 and \$2.50.  
 Children's, \$1.00, \$1.50 and \$1.25.  
 Infant's Turns, \$5c to 75c.  
 Please call and examine my Goods before purchasing elsewhere.

**J. C. STUART,**

TOWN HALL,  
 MIDDLETOWN, DELAWARE.  
 Repairing Neatly and Promptly done.  
 July 24-15

**Thomas Massey, Jr.,**

**CLOCK**  
 And Watch Maker,  
 MAIN STREET,  
 Next Door to National Hotel,  
 Middletown, Delaware

**Wm. Leas & Sons,**

BRANDYWINE MILLS.  
 Highest Market Price  
 PAID FOR GRAIN,  
 On Chesapeake and Delaware Waters.  
 OR ON DELAWARE R. R.  
 And its Connections.  
 And Wholesale and Retail Dealer in  
**COAL LIME FLOUR,**  
 FEED, SEEDS,  
**FERTILIZERS,**  
 Agricultural Implements, &c.  
 Best Lehigh and Schuylkill Anthracite and Cumberland Bituminous Coals on hand at all times.  
 Jan 1, 1874-15

**John's History of Cecil County,**

And the Early Settlements around the Head of Chesapeake Bay and on the Delaware River.  
 Price \$1.00, received at the office of the TRANSCRIPT.  
 nov5-15

Middletown Advertisements.

**FOARD & COMEGYS**  
 Grain Commission Merchants,  
 And Wholesale and Retail Dealers in  
**COAL,**  
**LIME, FERTILIZERS,**  
 AND  
 Agricultural Implements,  
 MIDDLETOWN, DEL.  
 Sole Agents for  
**D. M. OSBORN'S**  
**SELF-BINDING HARVESTER,**  
 Six and Seven and Eight Feet Cut.  
 Mowers and Reaping Machines,  
 BEST IN THE WORLD.  
 Also, have for sale  
**STAR and VICTOR Horse Rakes,**  
 JUST RECEIVED a car load of the celebrated  
**OLIVER CHILLED PLOWS,**  
 FOR SALE AT LOWEST PRICES.  
 Rambo's Celebrated Lime  
 For Sale as Low as the Lowest.  
 AGENTS FOR THE  
**Aome Pulverizing Harrow.**  
 Call and examine goods at our warehouses, opposite the National Hotel. mar27-15

**TO THE PUBLIC.**

THE subscriber would call the attention of the public to the large and well-selected  
**Stock of Goods,**  
 Consisting in part of  
**Dry Goods, Notions,**  
**GROCERIES,**  
**BOOTS AND SHOES**  
**HATS, HARDWARE,**  
 Queensware, Wood and Willow Ware  
**Earthen and Stone Ware.**  
**FISH, MEATS, &c**  
 And everything usually kept in a  
**FIRST-CLASS COUNTRY STORE**  
 All of which have been selected with care, and will be sold  
**At Prices in accordance with the times.**  
 Give us a call before purchasing elsewhere.  
 NO CHARGE FOR SHOWING GOODS.  
**CHAS. TATMAN, JR**  
 MIDDLETOWN, DEL.  
 Jan. 1, 1880-15

**ROOFING!**

WE DESIRE to call the attention of those who are about to build or repair, to our superior facilities for doing all kinds of  
**Metal Roofing**  
 AT SHORT NOTICE AND IN THE VERY BEST MANNER.  
**THE BEST MATERIAL**  
 Used and the work carefully done.  
 We Guarantee Satisfaction.  
 ESTIMATES CHEERFULLY FURNISHED.  
**Stoves, Heaters, Ranges**  
 —AND—  
**SLATE MANTELS,**  
 Of the newest designs always in store.  
**TIN-WARE AND HOUSE-FURNISHING GOODS**  
 —In Great Variety—  
**The Hennis Broiler,**  
 The only common sense broiler ever invented. You will never use any other after trying it.  
 R. H. ELIASON,  
 Main Street, Middletown, Del.  
 Feb 24-15

**HARDWARE.**

**W. H. JOHNSON,**  
 Dealer in—  
**Hardware and Paints,**  
 AT PRICES LOW,  
 AS MY CUSTOMERS OF THE PAST YEAR will testify.  
 Agricultural Implements,  
 OILS, GLASS, PUTTY AND VARNISH.  
 The Girard Ready Mixed Paint  
 WARRANTED AS GOOD AS THE BEST IN THE MARKET.  
 Special attention given to repairing GUNS, PISTOLS, SEWING MACHINES, &c.  
 THE NEW  
**Remington Sewing Machines**  
 OFFERED AT NAT. BANK,  
 Middletown, Del.  
 apr8-15

**ISAAC JONES, Jr.,**

**Grain Dealer**  
 Middletown, Delaware.  
 AGENT FOR  
**Wm. Leas & Sons,**  
 BRANDYWINE MILLS.  
 Highest Market Price  
 PAID FOR GRAIN,  
 On Chesapeake and